

THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

Devoted to the Development and Propagation of Truth, the Enfranchisement and Cultivation of the Human Mind.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1855.

VOLUME I.—NO. 47.

Poetry.

From the London Athenaeum.
Going Home.

We said that the days were evil.
We felt that they might be few.
For low was our fortune level
And heavy the winter grew;
But one who had no possession
Looked up to the azure dome,
And said in his simple fashion,
"Dear friends, we are going home."

This world is the same dull market
That wearied its earliest sage;
The times to the wise are dark yet,
And so hath been many an age.
And rich grow the tolling nations,
And red grow the battle spears,
And dreary with desolations
Roll onward the laden years.

What need of the changeless story
Which time hath so often told,
The scepter that follows glory,
The canker that comes with gold,
That wisdom and strength and honor,
Must fade like the far sea-foam,
And death is the only winner?
But, friends, we are going home!

The homes we had hoped to rest in
Were open to sin and strife,
The dreams of youth were blest in
Were not for the wear of life;
For care can darken the cottage,
As well as the palace hearth,
And brightwings are sold for pottage,
But never redeemed on earth.

The springs have gone by in sorrow,
The summers were grieved away,
And ever we feared to-morrow,
And ever we blamed to-day.
In depths which the searcher sounded,
On hills which the high heart clomb,
Have trouble and toil abounded;
But, friends, we are going home!

Our faith was the bravest builder,
But found not a stone of trust;
Our love was the fairest glider,
But lavished its wealth on dust.
And time bath the fabric shaken,
And fortune the clay hath shown,
For much they have changed and taken,
But nothing that was our own.

The path that made us baser,
The light which so many chose,
The gifts there was found no place for,
The riches we could not use,
The heart that when life was wintry,
Fond summer in strain and tone,
With these to our kin and country,
Dear friends, we are going home!

From the Sacred Circle.

Some of the uses of Spiritualism.

UNDISCOVERED ISLAND.

The Circle met, and Mrs. Sweet and Laura were influenced, speaking in dialogue as follows:

LAURA.—They want us to go together somewhere.

Mrs. SWEET.—We are travelling.

LA.—Where are we? Oh, it's so cold! so penetrating! Tell me, what we are here for?

Mrs. S.—It's a strange looking place.

LA.—What do I see? Space—as far as I can see, nothing but ocean. We seem to be hovering over an island. We are going nearer to it. But it feels so cold! Do you see anything?

Mrs. S.—It seems to be an island in the sea, but I don't see any people. I see monstrous rocks.

LA.—Yes, the ocean beats against them in real sublimity. It is not a large island.

Mrs. S.—It's a very frightful place. I wonder how we can get down there so as to stand on the land? It looks wild.

LA.—The trees seem stunted, and the soil poor and barren. I see a mortal! Who would imagine one would be there?

Mrs. S.—What a strange looking mortal.

LA.—He's a savage. He's tattooed.

Mrs. S.—He has something tied around his waist. He is red or copper-colored.

LA.—Yes, a yellowish color.

Mrs. S.—He does not look so wicked as a savage.

LA.—O, yes! He is harmless. He has an innocent look.

Mrs. S.—The Spirit near us says this island has never been discovered by civilized man.

LA.—I know who that Spirit is. It is the same that took us to that buried city. But see how unlike our land is this. The grass is very coarse, high and stiff.

Mrs. S.—very. It's coarse and high in places, and part is barren. What strange looking trees! They have very long, wide leaves.

LA.—I should think they were half an inch thick. They are dark and smooth on the outer surface and spongy underneath, with veins as large as ours.

Mrs. S.—Do you notice the trunk of the tree? It is very different from what we see. It is so soft and spongy you can stick your nails into it.

LA.—Feels like gutta percha, elastic and spongy.

Mrs. S.—Why, they have no houses here!

LA.—No, I shouldn't think they had from the looks of that man. How can we reach their habitations? Let us go and see, will you?

Mrs. S.—Well. The only habitation I can see is their trees, where they have curious places

* This we take to be Judge Edmonds' daughter.

fixed. I see too they have holes dug in the ground, with a sort of roof formed of sticks running up to a point. They are used to keep their food in them to preserve it. They don't cook their food. They gather nuts and fruit peculiar to the island. They catch some animals, skin them, and eat them raw. Sometimes they catch fish, and they have a peculiar way of doing it. They go to a shelving part of the beach and dig holes in the sand, and fix twigs over them, so that when the fish get in they cannot readily get out.

LA.—Now I see a female. I describe her. She has a short, round, broad face; a copper-colored complexion, through which the blood shows very clearly, and unlike other savages. Her eyes are as round as a three-cent piece, and about as big—a startling, black eye; with long, hair, which in one light looks black, and in another red. It is very coarse and will not lie smooth.

Mrs. S.—It is very coarse. But see! she is ornamented with sea-shells. So she has shells in her ears, and a string of them around her neck. She has no covering but these ornaments on the upper part of her body. What would you call that skirt of a pale yellow color?

LA.—It looks like the bark of a tree, partly transparent, but tough-looking and fawn-colored.

Mrs. S.—It is fastened around the waist with what looks like coarse ribbon-grass. I don't think they understand spinning and weaving here.

LA.—No, not they. It seems to be made of strips of bark fastened together, not with stitches, but with holes made in the edges and grass run through. It has a wide fringe at the bottom, as if the ends were left jagged on purpose and tied in knots. Do you see her shoes?

Mrs. S.—Yes. They are the queerest I ever saw. They are made of pieces of bark cut in the shape and size of the foot, and then a piece of the same material is put on the top of the foot and fastened the same way the skirt is, and then strings of another colored bark are wound across and around the leg by way of ornament.

LA.—I notice she is well formed. Her hair is not long, but like the mane of a horse, shaggy, coarse and uneven. But look at that child! It is fastened to one of those shining green leaves of the tree, so that when the wind blows it swings. A patent cradle, indeed! The mother, to amuse the child, has tied to a leaf above it some sticks, shells and pebbles, so that when the child clutches at it, it sets it to swinging and keeps it in motion.

Mrs. S.—It is an ugly-looking child, and has no covering but the leaves as they lie over it. Its hair stands out on its head, high and stiff, like a hair-brush.

LA.—Come away now, and let's look at something else.

Mrs. S.—I was looking at that stream of water.

LA.—See how clear it is, and pure, and the various kind of fish in it. They look like the finest silver—white, not glittering.

Mrs. S.—What are those shaggy things at the bottom?

LA.—Pebbles, I think. They look like it.

Mrs. S.—No, they are not; they move.

LA.—I'll put my hand down and get one—Why! the water was so clear it seemed only a foot deep, and yet I can't touch the bottom.

Mrs. S.—I know what they are. They are about as large as an oyster, but shaped different.

LA.—Yes, shaped like the tarantula.

Mrs. S.—How beautiful they looked while in the water, and how coarse when out of it.

LA.—The water has peculiar properties which cause that sparkling appearance of the fish when in it.

Mrs. S.—Yes, the natives bathe in it when sick.

LA.—What a peculiar odor it has!

Mrs. S.—The natives have a name for the brook, which in our language signifies "Water of Life." The odor from it has a stupefying effect. I should like to know what the Spirits have brought us here for?

LA.—Sometimes hence this island will be discovered, and these records being brought to light will be a great test of Spirit-power.

Mrs. S.—I was looking at the rocks. They look as if they were composed of sea-shells.

LA.—They are solid, yet when you break off a piece they are of various colors. No trees near them. They look like whitish sand.

LA.—I would like to live in that country. It is beautiful in every respect; but the inhabitants just the contrary.

Mrs. S.—I see little stunted trees and coarse grass growing in tufts here and there; but as we penetrate into the interior, the verdure is more beautiful, and the trees are larger and different.

LA.—You hear how the Spirit accounts for the centre of the island's being more verdant than its edges? It is about forty miles in circumference. In times past the waters washed over it and produced cavities in the center, where the water rested for a while and formed a lake, which gradually disappeared and regi-

tation sprang up, and it is more fertile because the soil is deeper and richer. It is a splendid place. Do you notice that the soil there is black and sticky, while its outer edges are a red sand, unlike anything we have—more like crumbs of free-stone, and of the color of wafers.

Mrs. S.—The Spirit says this island has been much larger, but parts of it have been washed away, and it is not near any other known island.

LA.—How in the world did inhabitants ever get there?

Mrs. S.—I suppose the Spirit can tell.

LA.—Well, I wish he would. They have no means of going off on the water. Won't he explain it.

Mrs. S.—Yes. There were at one time many smaller islands near this, and a communication between them all. But they have gradually disappeared one after another, until this has been left in an isolated condition. The inhabitants are not numerous, and before they become entirely extinct it will be discovered by Americans, and found to contain some precious ores, gums and wood, which will prove of great value to the commerce of this nation.

LA.—The people have a tradition. They feel and know that they are alone; and their tradition is that some monster man, whom they worship, once had a large country. He was terrible in his anger, fierce in his love, tyrannical in his acts, yet mighty. In his love of power he often caused what we call freaks of nature, and once he stretched forth his hand and grasped a portion of his country with its inhabitants on it and hurled it out of sight, and that they and their island are that handful. They think the sun is the light of his eye, and the moon his eye when he frowns. The ocean are the tears he shed after having in his anger hurled a portion of his creatures away, and when it rains on stormy nights they say it is the echo of his voice. When it tosses wildly against the rocks, 'tis in the bitterness of his anger that new tears are caused to flow, and thus lash against a portion of his creation.

Mrs. S.—The Spirit tells me these people have degenerated since they were cut off from intercourse with the rest of mankind.

LA.—Can you tell their dispositions?

Mrs. S.—Yes; they are mild and inoffensive.

LA.—And timid?

Mrs. S.—Very. They worship the ocean, the sun and moon; and always carry about their person a nut-shell filled with water from the sea, which they suppose is a preventive from all danger. When they are conscious of having committed a wrong, they dare not return to fill their nut-shell with water until they have made their peace with the sun and moon.

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LA.—What do they consider wrong?

Mrs. S.—To take the life of any fish or bird or animal, without first announcing it with a gun which is found in some of their trees; and they must perform certain ceremonies over all their food before they partake of it, and that in the presence of a certain number of the people.

The passion and angry feelings which they are sometimes controlled by, are all a gift of the deity whom they worship. He having displayed all these attributes in his dealings with them, they do not consider them sinful; but each one retires after having given way to these wrathful feelings, and does not again meet with his people until they have all subsided; and then he comes forth from his retreat calm and composed, smiling and kind as the ocean after a tempest has swept over its bosom.

LA.—Their amusements consist of dancing in a fantastic manner, principally on one foot, twisting the body in various positions. Their musical instruments are very singular. There is a tree whose branches form hollow tubes. With these they make large whistles, on which they make a discordant noise.

Now we are returning—passing over a city;—and now a monstrous steamship—now a church—steeples—now it's foggy, and now it is night. It was daylight where we were. I see the telegraph wires and around them a stream of light is winding spirally. Around the glasses the light flickers.

Mrs. S.—And now we are at home again, and I am glad of it.

NOVEMBER 13, 1854.

The circle met. Present Mr. and Mrs. Sweet, Mr. Warren and Laura and I, of the Circle, and also, as visitors, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, and Alvin Adams, of Boston.

Mrs. S. and Laura were soon influenced and this was the dialogue between them.

After a few words between them, which told us they were again going to the "Undiscovered Island."

LAURA said, do you see the Spirit that leads me away?

Mrs. SWEET.—No; but I feel his presence.

LA.—O! We are going high—heavenward.

Mrs. S.—Across the sea.

LA.—I see ships at a distance, like little specks. There is not a bit of land to be seen.

Mrs. S.—Nothing but sky and water.

LA.—It must be the ocean, true enough. Now where are we? I see flocks of birds where we are, and going in the same direction. Great numbers of them, and they seem very large. They are below us.

Mrs. S.—Yes; but the Spirit is above us. Do you see that small speck in the distance?

LA.—Yes, I see.

Mrs. S.—It looks no bigger than my hand.

LA.—But now we approach it, and it looks larger.

Mrs. S.—It is a good deal larger. It is where we were before.

LA.—But we have come to it in a different direction.

Mrs. S.—Yes; I see the Island looks different.

LA.—We did not stop by the way to look at the other side of the Island.

Mrs. S.—Why didn't we feel as chilly as we did before?

LA.—Because we have come a different way.

Mrs. S.—Yes; and we must have been up higher.

LA.—And we haven't been affected with the sea breeze; therefore there was no chilliness.

Mrs. S.—Now we are descending. This looks unlike the other side of the Island when we last visited it.

LA.—But the general appearance of vegetation is the same—the scale of progression the same.

Mrs. S.—But I don't see any human beings; do you?

LA.—No.

Mrs. S.—But I hear strange noises among the trees. I don't know whether of animals or birds. Let us see.

LA.—I see a tree whose base is of the same size as where the branches begin. It is even all the way up from seven to ten feet. Then the leaves begin to grow straight out in a regular line around the trunk. Then, at about a foot distance, another line of them; and so on to the top. The first row are of leaves five or six feet long, the next row four, and so on, forming a beautiful tree, of cone-like shape. The leaves are long and shining, and droop in a regular manner. It is a beautiful tree, so perfect in shape. One would suppose its drooping leaves would give it a confused look, but it is very regular, and the leaves hang like pendants.

Do you see what is on the tree?

Mrs. S.—Well, I should call it fruit. It is shaped like an apple, but larger. Its outside covering feels tough and hard, and it is of a very dark green color. It is as large as a muskmelon. I can't make any impression upon it with my fingers.

LA.—The natives use it—for what?

Mrs. S.—They use the inside for food, and the peel or covering as a medicine or plaster for wounds and bruises. Do you notice how white it is inside—soft and juicy? The seeds are very large and yellowish.

LA.—They use the seeds for something—what is it?

Mrs. S.—As a seasoning, as we use pepper and salt.

LA.—Yes; the seed is hard, and when dried they pound it to a powder and make a kind of meal, which they mix with their food. It is very pungent. The fruit is of a delicious flavor, and is a cathartic. Now let us leave that. What is that ahead of us? Look to the right.

Mrs. S.—O! I see something. It looks like a rock, but it is moving! It must be a monster of some kind. O! don't go near it!

LA.—Never fear, it can't hurt a Spirit. Its outer surface is very rough. It is an awful looking animal!

Mrs. S.—What short legs it has! Not more than six inches long.

LA.—Its skin is a dark gray. Its tail is like a feather brush. Its legs lie flat on the ground. There seems to be a suction about them, and it makes a noise when it raises them up. The sole of the foot is hollow, and the toes stick out like ours.

Mrs. S.—He can't run. He has nails on his toes.

LA.—Which are long and very thick, and of different colors. He sheds them once a year. When they first come they are streaked with a lighter color, and grow dark.

Mrs. S.—But see what a monstrous great body it has got, and so misshapen!

LA.—It looks more like a moving mass of rock. It has no symmetry—no form hardly.

Mrs. S.—Well, he is not covered with hair.

LA.—No; but how thick his skin is—hard and rough. It looks like coarse tripe.

Mrs. S.—And as if cracked in places.

LA.—It is of such a primitive creation. But its head—

Mrs. S.—Its neck is short and very thick.

LA.—Its head, seen from behind, is shaped like the three-cornered cat's head which children make.

Mrs. S.—I see rings around its neck—of his skin, I should think; and by counting them his age can be ascertained. His mouth looks more like a crocodile's than anything I can think of.

LA.—Notice his eyes and ears.

Mrs. S.—His eyes are very large and almost

white. He has long sharp teeth, far apart, and I see two large black holes above his mouth through which he breathes.

LA.—His eye is a fierce, stupid, senseless eye.

Mrs. S.—Then the upper part of his head is quite flat, and I see a pair of thick black short horns, near his ears.

LA.—His ears are shaped like oyster shells, and lie close to his head.

Mrs. S.—What does he live on?

LA.—He goes to the water's edge and gathers shell-fish, and seizes various animals that come to the bank to drink. The inhabitants do not fear him.

Mrs. S.—He makes a horrible noise—a growling, guttural sound.

LA.—Sometimes he feeds on the coarse vegetation which grows on the rocks.

Mrs. S.—And eats every unclean animal which may fall an easy prey to his voracity. Serpents are sometimes his fare.

LA.—His movements are very slow, and he lives long.

Mrs. S.—And part of the time he lives in the water in shallow places. He seems to be peculiar to neither land nor water, but at home in either.

[Their description seeming to end here, I asked how long it would probably be before that Island would be discovered? It was answered, there are hopes that within two years it will be heard of.]

Mrs. S.—But I don't see many people here.

LA.—No, there are not many inhabitants.

Mrs. S.—Will any of them live to be discovered?

LA.—There will be a few left when the Island shall be penetrated by civilized man. But I doubt if the animals die before that. There are enough of them, and they are large enough too. The atmosphere is damp and unhealthy, and therefore the human race will become extinct.

Mrs. S.—When the Island is discovered it will be prized principally because of its mineral and vegetable productions, and there will be discovered there many curious remains of animals peculiar to that climate and part of the world, but which are unknown in this your country at the present period.

LA.—Now does it not seem as if it was daylight?

Mrs. S.—Yes, dimly, and as if there was a thick chilling mist. It is very unhealthy here, and very unfavorable to the physical development of the human race. The atmosphere has lost its healthful, life-giving substance by the great revolutions and changes of nature and the operations of the ocean. The Island used to be higher above the sea than it is now.

LA.—I notice that, when the breeze blows across the Island, there is a singular odor, which I should judge was of decayed vegetable matter.

Mrs. S.—There does not seem to be anything more for us to look at now. Let us go. But I said that before they left I wanted to inquire if we might not know something of the latitude and longitude of the place?

It was answered with much difficulty, "Latitude 6 by 10, collateral with the equator—Longitudinal position, parallel with Borneo."

I asked for a more definite answer, but was told that the information is not to be given to us now.

We were told that it was the spirit of Capt. Cook who was manifesting on these occasions—that his life here was devoted to discoveries, and he had died too soon in his own estimation, and as a matter of course in his new life he had pursued his researches in a clearer and better manner; but unfortunately had not succeeded in impressing mankind with his discoveries, so that they could carry them out; that it was for a wise purpose that he had been permitted thus to labor; that these unknown parts might be brought under the influence of that progression which was now going on elsewhere on the earth, and to benefit the rising generations, who would be induced to make more valuable and philosophical discoveries, and thus aid their further progress by elevating their souls and refining their material surroundings.

The mediums then seemed to be about starting on their homeward progress, and we asked them to note their journey, as thus we might gather some idea of the locality.

LA spoke.—Do you see the sun? It seems to be just rising [it was between 9 and 10 p. m. with us], and shines dimly through a hazy atmosphere. Now we are leaving it behind us and plunging into darkness. How singular! We are passing over a city all lighted up, and the atmosphere over it shines with a red glare.

Mrs. S.—Yes, it is a large city, with many people. Their dress is different from ours—They wear turbans, and their garments are skirts of gaudy colors.

LA.—Now it is pitch dark again, and cold; and look! there is a light-house. It is difficult for us to see material lights, but more easy to see their reflection in the atmosphere.

All virtue lies in individual action, in inward energy, in self-determination.

Gems from "The Healing of the Nations."

Error, superstition and bigotry have assumed the garb of truth, and in their uncounted have frightened the earnest seeker from its sweet simplicity.

They own independence of thought and action are monuments unto God's glory, for they are the representatives of his pure spirit upon earth.

If in the creation there can be one atom destroyed, then is the whole imperfect. When error hath accomplished this destruction, then and not till then, will error have a firm foundation, and will need its own destroying God, and its own reign will be perfect.

Man is an emblem of creation—the cap which beautifies the column. Death is his tribunal, light his judge, and Deity holdeth within his hand the just reward.

Chaos yieldeth her picture in evidence, for every good action of life hath drawn a light line upon her dark face. The spirit which hath eyed the light, and acted in love while in the body, making manifest God's pure truth, hath established an affinity for the light, and can approach it rapidly when freed from outside influences, to dwell in its own pure depths unto all eternity.

Material eyes were constructed to view matter, and thus save the inner power of the eye of man from constant contact with it; yet God never intended that only the outside eye should be used.

God created, yet himself changed not. He produced all things, yet did not grow.

Two Gods cannot exist. Two perfections would be but one perfect, and three would be no more. All perfect attributes are necessary in one, and if more were allowed to exist, they must be imperfect, which is an absurdity.

From the atom, up to the Great Creator, all are different; all have individuality—all divide into innumerable ones; and whence can come oneness, save from one perfect Creator? All the ones of the creation harmonize; all are effects; and thus we infer that there exist but one central Cause from which all flow and by which all are governed. Whence cometh this individuality? Analyze thyself, and thou wilt find the image of the very attributes thou dost worship—yet thou art not three, nor yet two—thou art one, and thus the image of one Father.

The false temples are built upon sand; error enthralles them. For upon the sandy foundations the divine waters of truth and the dreadful weight above shall sink them forever beneath the surface. All things brought to the rescue will but increase the weight and render the destruction more sure, for error cannot help sustain that which truth is sinking. One grain's weight of pure truth is heavier or of more weight than all the error man hath ever created.

The son and child of God is a slave in the flesh—a ruler in the heavens, serving upon earth, whilst in the high and holy mansion of his appointed tenement is unoccupied!

Thought is eternal, and as thou thinkest so dost thou plant seed.

Immortality hath only congeniality for that which is unchangeable unto all eternity. There is but one unchangeable Being, and hence all food for spirit sustenance must be found within his own pure attributes. Below there cannot be food for that which is above. All things on earth

Age of Progress.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.

BUFFALO, AUGUST 25, 1855.

Wealth and its Influences.

The desire to possess wealth is so general throughout all the nations of the earth, that we can not impute it to any particular people, as a distinguishing characteristic, save in the degree in which it prevails with one people more than with others. Here, in the United States of America, the passion for accumulation amounts to almost a general mania; and this is owing to education. Very nearly all the children of this country, are taught, from parental lips, as soon as they are old enough to imbibe their sentiments, that wealth is the all-important "one thing needful." They do not, perhaps, generally speaking, intend to inculcate this idea; but, "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and children are continually hearing, from their parents, the most hearty commendations bestowed upon those who use the greatest diligence, and who possess the most efficient talent, to "make money." They tell them of the young man who commenced the world without a dollar of his own, and point to the splendid mansion which he occupies; to the houses which he owns; to the property of others, on which he holds mortgages, and to the equipage which now transports his wife and family to the noble edifice in which the gospel is (not) preached to the poor. The earnestness with which the parent holds up the character of this man as a pattern worthy of emulation, leaves an impression upon the plastic mind of the child which will be likely to remain there forever.

Look at that boy, says the hopeful mother to her little son. He is now but twelve years old, and he is as keen for a trade as an old sharper. He commenced with two shillings, which he laid out in apples, and peddled them about the streets. Now he has a fine fruit stand in the market, where he attends all the time during market hours, and then buys and peddles the remainder of the day. He'll be rich I warrant you. O, what a comfort it is to parents to have such children. And whilst she utters these eulogies, her eyes sparkle with delight at the thought that her words may inspire a similar spirit in her own child. Neither father nor mother, in these commendations, makes the slightest allusion to the qualities of mind possessed by the persons eulogised, nor hint at the necessity of intellectual culture; not a word of the loveliness of virtue or the beauties of well trained mind.

This is the kind of education which the youth of America receive under the parental roof; and its lessons are calculated to make a deep and indelible impression. What wonder, then, that the American people are mercenary above all others, regarding the amassment of wealth as the all-important object of life? What wonder that the standard of morals is low, that intellectual endowments are of but secondary consideration, or that the wealthy are courted, bowed to and fawned around, without regard to those endowments which enliven the memory of men and immortalize their names? When money ceases to be the idol of our country—the god of American adoration, wisdom and moral purity may become prominent characteristics of the nation; not before.

When we speak of influences which the possession of wealth exerts upon men, or the effect of such an education as is alluded to above, we do not pretend that there are no honorable exceptions. Even with a bad education, there are those in whose nature the principles of virtue are indigenous, and will eventually overcome all the evil impressions made upon their minds in youth. It is lamentably true, however, that such ones are very rare; but when we find such an one, he is certain to be one of the brightest lights in the moral world. So with those who possess wealth. There is here and there one who is fit to be the steward of much earthly treasure, because he has mind and innate principle to guard him against its evil influences, and which prompt him to do good and not evil with it. But these, too, are few and far between. As a whole, the possessors of wealth are an unhappy class of people, and as inimical to the harmony and happiness of the community of which they are members, as they are unhappy within themselves.

It is well understood by all intelligent minds, that the processes by which wealth is obtained—when not inherited—are not in harmony with the principles of moral justice, and have a tendency to vitiate the mind, harden the heart and smother the sympathies of the soul. All wealth being the product of labor, no one can amass a large fortune without laying exorbitant contributions upon human toil. It is no matter in what field of enterprise a money maker operates. Though he do not employ even one person to toil for him, his gains may be traced to the hand of labor. Then, though the process is sanctioned by the laws of the land and the usage of centuries, the man from whom the product of his labor is taken, suffers wrong nevertheless; and he who plunders him is none the less morally guilty. It follows, then, that large fortunes are the result of a system of wrong, and should be cursed to their possessors; and it requires but ordinary observation and penetration to discover that they are such.

Whilst the accumulation of wealth makes a man a slave to avarice, absorbing all his faculties and shutting out from his mind every thing that is truly worthy of contemplation, the possession of it enslaves both soul and

body. The management of a large fortune keeps all the functions of the body and mind constantly employed. In order that it shall continually produce more, it must be employed in commerce, or loaned to others to be employed by them. Either of these involves much personal labor, and great anxiety of mind. The man's life is that of a sentinel who paces back and forth, with musket and bayonet, before the door of a treasury, and whose life depends upon the safety of the wealth therein deposited. There is no rest for body or mind; nor can he think of any thing else. Instead of being a man of enlarged views, liberal sentiments, social nature and warm sympathies, his mind is a mere monetary abstraction; and if a laugh is ever extorted from him by a sally of wit, his mirth will be all thrown off at a single explosion, and care will instantly call back the scowl upon his brow. He is jealous of every body, distrusts all mankind, and loves nobody. He cannot take part in any conversation, for any length of time, if dollars, banks, bonds and mortgages do not constitute the topic of discussion, as they do the staple of his cogitations. When he sees a man approaching him, outside of his counting house, he will avoid him if he can; for he knows that no one seeks him merely for friendly chat, and he apprehends some appeal to his liberality—some demand upon his purse for which he is not to realize three per cent. per month; and if he cannot escape him, he immediately sets about framing excuses in advance. The words of the language which he most detests, are Charity, Donation, Contribution and Generosity. They pierce him like daggers, decompose his whole nervous system, and totally upset his equanimity. Thus he lives on, a stranger to social enjoyment and friendly sympathies, loved by nobody and loving nobody, till corroding cares and vexations undermine his constitution, and the messenger comes to tell him he is no longer for this world, and to ask him "where shall these things be when thy sordid soul shall pass hence?" Then he has to enter the world where he should have laid up treasure for eternity, but where he will find none. Down, down he sinks to the low level where charity is not—where sympathy is not—where love is not—but where horror and anguish for a misanthropic life, seize upon his soul, never to let go till he shall have expiated his offences against justice and humanity, by many long years—mayhap centuries—of suffering and penitence. How much better to be content with a competency, and live the life of the righteous.

From the cor. of the Hartford Times, Aug. 10.

Spiritualism in London.

THE SPIRITS IN LONDON—LORD BROUGHAM, SIR EDWARD BULWER, SIR DAVID BREWSTER AND MRS. TROLLOPE, AFTER THE SPIRITS.

The following is from Mr. D. D. Hume, who is well known to investigators of the phenomena of modern spiritualism, as a "medium" of more than common power. He is now in London, and this letter was written to the Hartford Times, it being known that here, as in other places, the singular manifestations of an inexplicable intelligence and power which occur habitually in his presence, have been witnessed by numerous respectable individuals. It appears that the tangible manifestations said to have occurred frequently in this country were also seen by Lord Brougham and others on the occasion referred to below. The letter develops some things which the ordinary letter-writers have not got hold of.

BALING VILLA, NEAR LONDON?

July 26th, 1855.

In London I found but a limited number, comparatively speaking, who possess any intelligent or rational idea of the Spiritual Philosophy. The subject has not made any great advance here; but those who are investigating include in their number some of the best minds of England. The first call I received was from Sir Charles E. Ischam, who has proved a most excellent friend to me. A day or two after this I received an invitation from Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, to visit him at his country seat at Knobworth. I accepted his invitation, and had an interesting and delightful visit.

I was deeply interested in Sir Edward, who is by birth, education and mind, a most superior person. His love of the beautiful, in nature and art, but especially in nature, is manifested at every part of his wide domain. Knobworth was originally built by a follower of the Conqueror, and was, in the year of the Armada, occupied by Queen Elizabeth. The stateroom contains the bed on which her Majesty slept. It has rich velvet hangings—the same which shaded the slumbers of Queen Bess. The room of the extensive library contains the oak table at which Cromwell, Pym, & Co, sat while planning the rebellion. * * * We have had some manifestations at our seances, almost as good as those we had at ——— in your place. The spirits showed their presence in the same palpable way, by presenting tangible hands, &c., and Sir Edward "acknowledges the corn," to use a Yankee vulgarism. He is much interested in the subject, and has bestowed no small share of thought upon the matter.

I have also had the pleasure of being presented to the Marchioness of H——, Baroness G——y R——a. She is a highly intellectual and altogether charming lady, who possesses much native refinement and a fearless desire to learn and follow the truth. I met, too, the Earl of E——, and the Marquis of C——, at one of our circles a few evenings since. A most kind friend I also found in the Viscount de St. Amiro, Charge d'Affaires from Brazil, who has given me valuable letters to France. I am to meet him and his lady (both investigators) the coming autumn at the Neapolitan Court.

I enclose a paragraph from one of the London journals, giving a sketch of an interview I had with Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster. The latter, as you are well aware, wrote that article in the *Edinburgh Review*, some months ago, in which he denounced the whole matter in the bitterest terms, as a delusion and an imposition. His article has been eagerly and widely quoted by the opponents of spiritualism on both sides of the Atlantic, and its statements are doubtless believed by those who are incapable of appreciating or comprehending the truth which they assail.

Sir David, however, has for once, met with a "stumper," for he has seen and felt such manifestations of his spirit friends as to completely upset his philosophy. He frankly confesses that he is "sorely puzzled" at what he has witnessed; and Lord Brougham acknowledges himself to be thoroughly nonplused. Both of these noted men brought the whole force of their keen discernment to bear upon the solution of the phenomena; but the presence of substantial, actual hands, and the demonstrative strength of the spirits who thus clothed themselves for the time and moved material objects about the room, proved to be too much of a question for them to master.

Time will not allow me to mention the various interesting sittings I have had, nor the many distinguished persons who have been in our circles during my short stay in London. I am at present enjoying the quiet of an English country home. The gentleman with whom I am stopping—Mr. Rymer—is one of the most distinguished solicitors in London. He has been a materialist, or disbeliever in a future state, all his life previous to witnessing these demonstrations of spirit existence. He is now a believer (or rather a knower) of the future life. The manifestations, so often scoffed at by professing Christians, have done for him, as they have for upwards of twenty-five thousand infidels and atheists in America, what no power of the pulpit or doctrine of evangelical religion could ever have effected.

Is not this one fact, alone, a sufficient reply to the oft-repeated question of "what good does it all do?" There is many a broad-voiced soul that, failing in the effort to narrow itself down to the limits of a dogmatical creed, has ended in infidelity, or blank atheism; but the number of these is becoming steadily less by the influence of the spirit manifestations, which are to them what the placing of the hand in the spear wound was to Thomas. Mr. R. since his conversion, has given a lecture on the subject, and will give another.

One thing I will not omit. Mrs. Trollope, whom Americans will be apt to remember, came with her son, from Florence to London, for the express purpose of seeing the manifestations. They were accordingly invited to spend a few days with me at my village home; and I must say I was agreeably disappointed in her. My previous ideas of her had not been such as to prepossess me in her favor; but I have become an admirer of her private character. She has none of the stiffness of the author about her, nor any of the "blue stocking." She enjoys the realities of existence more fully than any one I have ever met in a circle.

The seance with her was one of strange interest. Her son was an unbeliever, and his mother was very desirous that he should be "brought to a knowledge of the truth." When at length the light dawned upon his soul and the chords of his spirit vibrated in unison with the celestial harmonies that ushered in the birth of faith through the shadows of his old unbelief, the result was too much for his stoicism, and the tears of holy joy coursed down his manly cheeks—Her joy was too great for utterance, and her rapturous emotions seemingly too great to be endured. It was an impressive scene, and an occasion of deep interest. There are many such in the life of a spirit Medium.

In a few weeks I leave England for the continent, in company with my friend Rymer. We intend to reach Rome in November, where we propose to spend a few months, if his Holiness will let us. You shall hear from me again.

Yours truly, D. D. HUME.

[The following is the article referred to as having appeared in the London Journal.]

"LORD BROUGHAM WITH THE SPIRITS.—A circumstance which has excited the most extraordinary sensation among the privileged few who have been admitted within the sphere of its operations, has taken place at Ealing, a village on the Uxbridge road. A young gentleman named Hume, a native of Scotland, but who has resided for many years in America, is now on a visit at the house of a Mr. Rymer, a highly respectable solicitor. Mr. Hume is what the Americans term a medium; and through his instrumentality some extraordinary, and, if true, miraculous occurrences have taken place.

The spirits of deceased persons have been heard and felt in Mr. Rymer's house, and a variety of circumstances have taken place, which the persons who were present say could not have been produced except by supernatural agency. One of the spirits is supposed to be that of a son of Mr. Rymer, a little boy about eleven or twelve years of age, who had been induced to write to his parents under the cover of the table, and the writings to all appearances, precisely similar to that of the child when alive. Mr. Rymer, who is thoroughly convinced of the bona fides of the affair, has invited several persons to witness the manifestations, and among them the Rev. Mr. Lamb, the incumbent, who has become a devout believer in the existence of these communicative spirits.

Some rumors of the spirit manifestations, having reached Lord Brougham, the medium had an interview with the noble and learned

lord in the presence of Sir David Brewster, when several unaccountable revelations were made, and even Lord Brougham has confessed himself amazed and sorely bothered to comprehend the description of agency by which an accordion is forced into his hands and made to play, or his watch taken out of his pocket and found in the hands of some other person in the room; for such are among the vagaries performed by the Ealing spirits. The house of Mr. Rymer, is, of course, besieged by persons anxious to witness the manifestations; and scarcely a night passes that some scoffer is not converted into a true believer in the mystery of spiritual manifestations."

For the Age of Progress.

What is Spiritualism?

It is a strange admixture, I think, of unexplained, but actual phenomena, and an interminable up-piling of theories thereon.

I am constantly told, by spiritualists, when they find my faith dull, that I should "investigate the subject;" and yet I do not find that these people do anything in that way themselves. They continue to hold meetings, and to see multiplied the phenomena; and yet they make no particle of progress, in the direction of investigation, that I can hear. But, if they are not investigators, they certainly are very lively theorists; and pertinacious, also in the defence of dogmas, as it appears to me.

With the phenomena of Spiritualism, I wage no war, but concede their truth, in general terms. This narrows our subject, materially; as all which remains after that is the cause, or origin of these. And here is the point at which my inquiry begins. Originally I was told, as all were, that the phenomena are produced by the disembodied spirits of human beings that had died. This, of course, was mere theory, and I asked evidence of its truth, but have received none. Then, pondering the question to see if it could explain itself, the evidence, so far as I find any, is all against this fine theory.

These phenomena are of a mixed character, a part of them being mental, and a part of them physical.

Upon what evidence is it that I am asked to believe that spirits out of the body, can, or do, know any more of the affairs of this world, than those spirits can which are still in the body? I am told they can; but I can obtain no evidence of it.

Again; can spirits overcome the law of gravity, and lift matter from the earth, or floor?

I am assured they can, but from what facts can I reason that this is so? I can find no one who knows that, or knows anything on the subject. And so it is of the rest of these phenomena. For all of them there is claimed the belief that they are the work of disembodied human spirits—of all which I cannot find the least evidence. Nor do I know any better that these claims are not true. They may, or they may not, be true, and what I want to know is, which.

But what is clear is this, namely, that no man has the right to insult the public understanding, and the public common sense, by assuming belief in these theories, as truths, unless he can furnish evidence that they are truths. Such a course is derogatory to the party adopting it, no less than offensive to good sense, and the principles of just conclusions.

Here I may remark that it is not competent for them to turn, as they usually do, upon one who doubts their dogmas, and perky ask, well: if it is not spirits who do all this, then what is it? This is but the dodge of shallow flippancy, which seems not able to distinguish between two questions that are entirely different in character, and wholly independent each of the other. The question, "Are these phenomena produced by disembodied human spirits?" is one; and the other, and by far the broader question, namely, "what produces these phenomena?" is one, also, but it is a totally different and independent one. Now I do not pretend to know, nor attempt to tell, the cause of these phenomena, and I frankly say so. But the spiritualists do both pretend to know and attempt to tell that cause. Let them tell it, then, if they can; but without asking me to help them. My business, in the presence of the spiritual professor, is to ask questions, not to answer them. I am surrounded, on all sides by what, to me, is unknown and inexplicable. I know not what life is, either animal or vegetable, though I know they are unlike; and equally incomprehensible, to me, is almost all that surrounds us, either in the mental or the physical world.

One of the positions assumed by spiritualism is that a man is influenced and controlled by a spirit, not his own, and thus made to do what he supposed he was doing of his own will. How, then, is man's individuality to be maintained, and his acts identified? How, upon this hypothesis, can intellectual superiority triumph over intellectual inferiority? Of what avail is talent or genius, if it can be thus outdone by stolidity, and yet that stolidity never know how this happened, but be left to suppose such result to have been its own work? Yet worse still: why is it, or how can it be, that superior intellect does constantly override inferior intellect, whenever these come in contact? I say how can it be that this is really so, in fact, if the above propositions are in any sense true?

No born idiot, so far as I know, has ever been found to exhibit, for a time, or upon some given occasion, or subject, either genius of a high order, or talent of surpassing strength or penetration. The same is true of weak and shallow men, though these were never so mentally destitute as to be deemed idiots. Such men abound in every community. They are, by common consent, supposed capable to have the custody of their own affairs, and they

have even been tolerated upon juries, where their business is with the affairs of others; but yet they are men whom all agree do stand and belong lower in the scale of mental capacity than those who, by their thoughts and their deeds, have become known as intellectually great men; and even lower than such as are deemed intellectually substantial men, but without any approach to true greatness.

It appears to me, then, that this spirit vagary is carrying men, in their zeal to defend it, quite into the domain of nightmare philosophy. Being, at first, but a gratuitous assumption it was then without many of the very repulsive no less than contradictory features which have more recently become identified with it. Until canvassed a little, by minds differently organized from such as were naturally prone to adopt this scheme, merely on suggestion, it may really have seemed, to its devotees, complete in itself—a species of truth, in the gross. Others, however, who are without the inspiration afforded by such mental organization, saw consequences arising from the claims of the spirit doctrine, which appeared to render its truth impossible. These consequences were many in number, and exceedingly various in character; and as they have gradually, and one at a time, been produced to the public, they have caused, on the part of spiritualists, the adoption of a series of gratuitous theorising amendments, in defence of the original assumption of spirit agency, which at first did in no sense belong to that assumption, and did not appear as a part of it. Indeed, each of these seemed not to have been originally thought of, and consequently they were never considered in connection with the subject, until their presence became necessary, as forming part of the defence of the assumed spirit agency, which it had become evident could no longer be maintained without them.

Such, then, is spiritualism, as I see it. A mass of theories, gratuitously assumed, to explain a series of phenomena which has, thus far, proved, to man, entirely inexplicable. We have other phenomena, in profusion, on every side of us, that are just as incomprehensible as these, but which these people seem not to feel the least anxiety to comprehend; and yet, in this matter, the spiritualists have an ardent and burning desire to make converts to an artificial series of theoretical dogmas, piled one upon another, in almost endless succession, and which are, as a mass, repugnant to the highest reasoning powers of which we are possessed.

INQUEST.

Conference of the Harmonical Association.

On Sabbath afternoon last, we had Dr. FELLOWS to lecture upon spiritual influence. This lecture abounded with beautiful ideas, evidently from some superior mind. The conditions, however, did not seem to be favorable for the free flow of thought, which rendered a lecture which would otherwise have been highly scientific and instructive, somewhat incoherent.

In the evening, we had a lecture from ALBERT BRISBANE, Esq., on the immortality of the soul. Mr. BRISBANE attempted, what few others have ever undertaken; which was to prove the human spirit immortal, independent of all super-natural revelation, either ancient or modern. Mr. B. not only has great fluency of speech and pure and elevated diction, but yields a power of logic far above ordinary lecturers. Mr. B.'s lecture afforded evidence of the superiority of inductive, analytical and sequential reasoning, over biblical or clerical dicta unsustained by ought but threatened damnation to doubters. Had such arguments been used by the Christian clergy, for the last thousand years, instead of the unreasoning dogmatism which they have used, there would have been no doubters of immortality in the nineteenth century. We think there were few in the densely crowded hall, who were not satisfied that Mr. B. accomplished what he aimed at, and totally annihilated annihilation.

Mr. HAMMOND will not be with us for two Sabbaths to come; but we shall have some one to lecture on each Sabbath. The Republic, of Saturday evening, will tell who is expected to lecture on Sunday next.

A Blunder.

It was a blunder of our own, which ascribed the communication in our last number, addressed to us from "Eden Valley," to the spirit of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Miss B. informed us—so she says—that a spirit addressed that communication to us, with a charge to her that it should not purport to come from a spirit, and that her name as medium should not be used. The object was to elicit discussion on the subject of which it treated, and that the spirit of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN would answer any philosophical communication on the subject that might be elicited. This would have been well if we had understood it; but we did not, and therefore made a botch of it; which we very much regret.

INFANTS IN HEAVEN.—Beautiful is an infant, whatever we picture it to ourselves. Beautiful in the cradle. Beautiful upon a parent's knee. Beautiful awake, asleep. Beautiful at play, in the corner of the room, or under the shade tree before the door. Beautiful in a Saviour's arms. Beautiful at the font of baptism. Beautiful beneath the coffin lid.—Yes beautiful even there, in the loveliness of death—with hands folded peacefully—with brow like moulded wax—with eyes closed in sleep—"perchance to dream!"—with lips so gracefully composed, as if to say—"I murmur not,"—and with its whole face radiant with a smile, which is the imprint of its dying vision.—Selected.

Flowers are the voices of nature.

Do Spirits move ponderous Objects?

This question will be answered in the affirmative, by thousands who have witnessed the phenomena; but the second question—how do they overcome the laws of gravitation? is not so easily answered. Human vision cannot see them operate with invisible forces. How, then, are we to answer the question? Simply by reasoning from what we know. We know that spirits do overcome the law of gravitation, while in the body. In that state, they do it by means of instruments called hands, and by the use of cords called muscles, all pertaining to the bodies which they inhabit and wield. Without the spirit, these hands would be as inefficient and useless as iron hooks, or tongs or levers or any mechanical purchases; and these sinews or muscles would be as useless as ropes. The sinew has no useful quality but its tenacity or toughness, which enables the spirit to use it without breaking it. How does the spirit use these instruments? Can the caviller tell?

When out of the body, the spirit says it has instruments suited to that condition, which are not visible or tangible to the human senses, and by these they overcome the law of gravitation and handle ponderous bodies. They have given us the mode of operation by which these things are accomplished; and we have no reason to doubt the truth of their explanations.

Acknowledgements.

Again we have to thank our friend, E. V. WILSON, of Toronto, C. W. for three subscribers and a remittance, from the dominions of Her Gracious Majesty.

We are likewise indebted to our friend, W. BLANCHARD, of Lockport, for a subscriber and the needful; and for several like favors, on previous occasions, we cannot acknowledge.

Also to friend J. F. STROGO, of Cleveland, Ohio, for his name and his two dollars.

Also to friend W. BISSILL, of Great Barrington, Mass., for his name and remittance. Also to Messrs. BRAMER & BRO., of Coloma, California, for their subscription and remittance. Also to Mrs. MARY JANE BACKUS, of Erie, Pa., for her subscription and fee.

And let our home friends understand that we are as thankful to them for their favors as we are to distant friends for theirs.

Diversity of Inspiration.

Whoever was Evangelist, the Spirit was the Teacher; whatever was the form or size of the trumpet, it was the breath of God that sounded through it. All the peculiarities of Matthew, of Mark, of Luke, of John, of Peter, and of Paul, are retained, and may be traced and contrasted in reading their works, and yet they all spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. Some have said, that if the Bible had been written as a beautiful essay, it would have been far more satisfactory to the minds of the educated, and no less instructive to the unenlightened, I think not. It would have been a dull book, and a dry book; it would have made a far feebler impression upon the hearts of the bulk of mankind. But by using men of every cast and turn of mind and thought, and pouring through these, as channels, the truth of God—by not destroying John, but by inspiring him; by not extinguishing Peter, but speaking through him—we have God's truth in all the various idiosyncrasies of men—in all the formulas of human speech; the same as in nature, and distinguished by manifestations only, so that there is no peculiarity of taste, of temperament, or talent, or character, that will not find something in the word of God suited to it, and calculated to instruct the soul of him that reads it. Let us bless God for the Bible, then as it is. Be assured, that the more you study it, the more you will love it; and they that know that book best will have the deepest and most indelible impression that God is the Author, and truth is its matter and eternal joy its issue.—Dr. Cumming.

CENSUS RETURNS.—Below we give the census returns from some of our principal cities:

NEW YORK.	
Brooklyn and Williamsburg,	250,000
New York City,	730,000
Albany,	60,000
Troy,	40,000
Utica,	22,000
Syracuse,	25,000
Rochester,	44,000
Buffalo,	75,000
Oswego,	18,000
Ogdensburg,	7,000
Boston, Mass.,	150,000
Cincinnati, Ohio,	160,135
New Orleans, La.,	145,440
St. Louis,	94,810
Chicago, Illinois,	70,000
Washington, D. C.,	55,592
Louisville, Ky.,	51,726
Detroit, Michigan,	40,373
San Francisco, Cal.,	34,776
Milwaukee, Wis.,	31,000

LOOK TO HEAVEN.—The bereaved soul looks its heavenly parent in the face all the more clearly because of his chastisement. Sacred indeed, then, is that heart-fire whose presence gives happiness on earth, and even whose extinguishment serves to open the vision to the eternal glory of heaven!—Selected.

Kind words are the flowers strewed on the lonely path of life.

Time is ever on the wing, therefore improve every moment.

When he who holds communion with the skies, Has filled his urn where those pure waters flow, Descends and dwells among us meaner things, It is as if an Angel shook his wings, to cover.

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A Doubter speaking Out.

Under the head: "What is Spiritualism?" the reader will find a communication, defining the position of the writer in relation to the phenomena which spiritualists assume, and attempt to prove, are produced by the spirits of men and women who have left this state of existence. His positions are, first, that the alleged phenomena do actually occur; and this, he truly says, materially narrows the subject of discussion. He then tells us that spiritualists are continually advising him to investigate; which he declines because those who pretend to have investigated, have failed to discover, or to produce, any evidence that the phenomena are really produced by disembodied spirits; and he is not going to help them to prove what it is their duty to prove themselves, when they require others to believe their theories. He has been told that spirits can overcome the law of gravitation and raise ponderous bodies from the ground or floor; but he is cognizant of no facts from which to reason that this is so; nor can he find any one who can tell this, or any thing else about it; and so of all the other phenomena. He thinks it insulting to the public understanding for persons to ask others to believe what they cannot satisfactorily prove to be true. These are the material points of our correspondent's objections to the spiritual theory. How well his positions are taken, we shall allow the reader to judge for himself. In the mean time, it may not be improper for us to give him our reasons for the faith we hold; and if it be not evidence to his mind, we shall not quarrel with him for his skepticism, nor expect him to treat us less forbearingly for our easy credulity.

We believe that the phenomena which he admits do really occur, are produced by the spirits of men and women who have departed from this state of existence. The first of the reasons upon which we found our faith, is the fact that they are produced by some intelligent agent. This truth our skeptical friend would be compelled to admit, if he should follow the suggestions of those who have advised him to investigate.

The second reason is, that the phenomena often occur under circumstances which entirely preclude the possibility of their coming from any intelligence present in the flesh. For instance, when a something purporting to be the spirit of a deceased young lady, comes into the presence of a medium and a single witness; gives her name; tells where and when she died; tells the name of her mother and brother, and where they live; and makes a request that the communication which she gives shall be sent to her mother; at the same time making known the facts that she died far from home, and that her remains were brought home for interment; and when neither of the persons present ever knew, or heard of, her or the friends of whom she speaks; we say under these circumstances, which we ourselves was a witness to, it is impossible that the intelligence should have come from any one present. This is a mere case in point, the like of which are constantly occurring all over the country, and throughout Christendom.

The third reason is, that, in such cases, the intelligence affirms of itself that it is the spirit of one who once dwelt upon this earth; and, till the testimony given by the witness is invalidated by counter testimony of a preponderating character, it is legally and rationally entitled to credit as truth. We might multiply these reasons indefinitely; but, in our opinion, enough have been given, not only to warrant the exercise of faith, but to render conviction inevitable, in any mind capable of rationalization, and not closed against the influx of truth, by cherished prejudice.

But, says our cavilling friend, although these things may be evidence to your mind, they are not to mine, nor can they be to the mind of the community in general, who have not witnessed them under the circumstances of which you speak. Nay, but, good friend, you are estopped from making this plea, by your own admission that the alleged phenomena do really occur. Should you think proper to retract this admission, and call for evidence that the particular phenomena of which we have spoken did occur, we can adduce oral testimony sufficient to establish any fact in a court of law. And we aver that such facts as these furnish testimony as clear and conclusive as the nature of the case admits of. Hence we conclude that the assertion of our friend that spiritualists have failed to discover or produce any evidence that the spirits of the departed communicate with mortals, is incorrect and a misrepresentation of the case.

What kind of testimony does our friend require? We know of but three kinds which are admitted as valid by our courts of criminal and civil jurisprudence. These are oral, written and circumstantial. All these he can have in abundance, going to prove that spirits do communicate. He can have the testimony of under oath, of thousands who are both truthful and sane, that they have seen, and frequently do see, the spirits of their departed friends, when they are in the act of communicating. Thousands of those facts have been recorded; and these, under the sanction of responsible names, constitute written testimony. And such facts as the one which we have nar-

rated, and of which thousands may be adduced equally conclusive and convincing, constitute circumstantial evidence.

Will our friend deny that circumstantial evidence, of this nature, is sufficient to establish the truth of spiritual communications? Let us enquire of him if we have not seen him occupying a seat as one of twelve jurors, empaneled to try men for criminal acts? We think we have; and if we have, has he never rendered a verdict of guilty against an accused person, whose verdict was founded on circumstantial evidence? And if he have done this will he accuse himself of rendering a false verdict, by affirming that he had "no evidence" to prove the guilt of the accused? No, he will not thus accuse or stultify himself. He will rather say that he was as well convinced of the guilt of the accused as if he had received direct oral testimony; and no one will dare to say he had not.

Alh, but, says our friend, those circumstantial evidences have never been presented to me. Well! how can spiritualists help that? He admits that he has been invited to investigate, and refused to do so. How, then, are spiritualists to give him the evidence? Must they carry it to him? If they should do so, would he not turn away from it, or shut his eyes and stop his ears? It is practical to feed a man with a spoon, who will not take it in his own hand and help himself, unless he stubbornly holds his mouth shut and fight off the feeder. In that case, he would have to go without food. And so, in the present case, our friend, we fear, will have to go without convincing evidence, if he will neither go where it is nor suffer it to come to him.

As respects the various theorizing of speculators, as to the rationale of spiritual communications and manifestations, of which our correspondent complains, we see no reason why he should censure these theorists with more emphasis than he would any other class who venture to speculate on subjects which he knows nothing about. Is not the intellectual world full of conflicting sentiment on every subject, the true philosophy of which has not been thoroughly and permanently established? And may not spiritualists differ in opinion, as to the means used by spirits to communicate with mortals, and as to the life in the spirit world, and the economy of God's government, as well as other classes who fall far short of omniscience as they do? That ignorance and error opinions prevail among spiritualists, as among all other classes, is a lamentable fact. And if our friend wait, before accepting the truth of spiritual intercourse with mortals, till all those who do accept it shall have settled every minor point of difference, his first acceptance of it must be after he has thrown off his garment of flesh and entered the world of immortality.

In regard to our friend's apprehension that spiritual inspiration will so acutely imbecile mind as to render it superior to that which nature has cast in her best mould, we would console him with the assurance that spirits do not pretend to work miracles, and that a WEBSTER, or a VOLTAIRE can do no more pass the volume of his great intellect through an idiotic or dwarfish organization, than he can utter trumpet tones through a tin whistle. The organization of the medium, as we understand the law, governs the quality of all communications that pass through his or her mind.

Lecture No. 19.—By Edgar C. Dayton.

THROUGH MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

MR. ALBRO:

This Lecture was elicited by the remarks of a lady, who, with strong and tender sympathies, inquired, as her friends of immortality clustered around her sphere of material existence: "Do they love me?" And as her soul was filled with a sad, yet sweet meditation, she uttered this inspired interrogation. To her do I humbly dedicate this lecture.

E. C. DAYTON.

"DO THEY LOVE ME?"

Why those silent tones—
Why that sadness on thy brow?

There is a heavenly sadness in the hour of celestial communion, when the heart lingers calmly around the sacred meditations of life and hopes, in the deep and holy mists of departed friends. The loved ones twine unfading flowerets there, and call from the Eden of heaven the sweetest flowers to decorate the high and holy attribute of memory, that the bright chain of affection may never be broken when all the peace and contentment of earth may fade away. There are hours of calm and deep contemplation, when the heart realizes that some sweet intelligence is near, to impart to the weary and tearful soul the ecstatic thoughts of heaven, which convey, in their influence, a softness and quietness of spirit, not unlike the influence of heaven upon the immortal soul. On the fair celestial brow, what soft emotions play—what lights and shades blend o'er the heart's inmost thoughts when the glad messengers of peace and joy breathe one prayer, one hope for the union of human hearts, the deep and true religion of God. Every tear that human life may force to stream, by kind and gentle hands shall be wiped away, and some friendly spirit from above shall chase the glooms of the human spirit away, and make the heart as light as the bright and heavenly choirs. In joy or in grief, the image of the loved and adored who have flown from this world of pain, is still reflected in the mirror of the soul, from heaven's high dome, and the smiles of angels shed their sweetness over earth's dreary way and make the glad vision realize the truth of the peace of the future. They come to love, not to veil the pallid brow nor blanch the cheek with paleness. They come to prove that other hearts are bound to thine; with thine to laugh or bleed, and with thee to share the car-

and shadows, the beams of hope and the divine inspiration, coming from above.

Do they love thee? The sweet and mournful echo comes from the distant realms of infinitude, where, in seraphic brightness, the choirs of eternity breathe forth their thrilling notes of love, to lure the raptured spirit higher. Far sweeter than theolian lyre, gently falls the music of heaven, and answers quick in response to thee—in response to every wish of thine. Like notes on the waves of the angels' songs doth the clear font of affection send forth its silvery spray to moisten the cares and griefs of human life—to welcome thee upward to sweeter employ, where far, far away from the works conflicting with nature on errors dark above, thou may'st sing the songs of love with the blest and pure on high. On the swift wings of love, do they fly back to their own natal land, where still beams around the family hearth the rays of pure affection—where the loved ones cluster around the scenes of home, with their souls filled with a sacred love for the friends in eternity, and where the mighty magnet of earth's home draws the friends of earth to its sweet repose, and draws the high and pure of immortality to join in the songs and glories of the home of their nativity. The mysterious light of the soul, unseen itself, sheds upon the countenance the divine expression, and infinite inspiration lingers in the silent and sacred recesses of the soul. Every warm thought is expressively delineated on the bright face, and they who wear a smile in the darkest hour of bitter anguish, or in the pleasure of a momentary joy, are worthy of an angelic place in the realms of the infinitely beautiful world unto which all are silently yet visibly drawing near.

Do they love thee? The pilgrims of love whose bright pathway is true, whose home is eternity, and whose hope is the truth of the spirit life, breathing music that might steal from the human sympathies the spiritual part, nature to love thee, and the bright angels of eternity's home weave every fibre of spiritual friendship together and bind them together by the seals of heaven—Wisdom, Love and Charity. When they those falling tears? Dost doubt whether they love thee or not? Go thou whose spirit is inwardly fraught with sorrow, and gaze upon the midnight scenes of heaven, where the star discloses a wondrous wisdom, and where the bright and holy moonlight reflects its rays in the crystal stream where it mirrors its own intelligent glory in the creation of nature, and ask whether they love you; and intuitive wisdom will respond from your own spiritual being, in tones of rich melody, whose notes are fraught with the living poetic genius of heaven and earth, and the deep philosophic strains of a yet loftier and purer genius. Go where the sunlight of day delineates its wondrous power upon every living thing, whose bright beams of light speak of a thousand principles and elements, yet buried in mystery from the penetration of the human perceptibility, and ask if the angels love you; and soft whisperings will fall upon your spirit, whose effect is far more powerful than the tones of the mighty thunder or the lightning's electrical flash. They will fill your soul with an awful sublimity, which will cause you to fear and shun the dark spots of human life, where your spirit may be bound in cells of human ignorance. The dews of darkness and the mists of ignorance yet encircle man; but yet, in his thoughts of earth, he grasps some of the beauties of heaven, and he yields to the inspired feelings of his nature and to the soft and living influence that comes from the silent breathings of beings far above. Why sigh o'er the shadowy past? Tho' you lay the casket under the fragrant sod, the jewel has gone to heaven, where, in the world of light and love, it adds another diadem to the crown of immortality. Why those falling tears, when inspiration attracts your spirit to the white-robed friends of eternity, where, in calm tranquility they exist, where every movement is a thought, and every thought is a heaven of itself? They catch the tears while yet they fall; and by the workings of charity and tenderness, they make diamonds of them to place upon thy brow. And every thought that sparkles within, reflects its radiance in the smiling diamonds of tenderness and wisdom, and brilliant forms of seraphic beauty come and go before the human vision like meteors in the sky. They treasure up the human smile and take it to heaven, where it is made still brighter by the holy influence of God, and whereby the soul becomes unfolded, the smile increases and earth wears a richer hue. There is a magic in each tear, a volume of tenderness in each crystal drop; and shall kindly spirits weep for man? Though the stem dies the leaf perishes too, yet the life of each shall still exist, not to grace the fields of earth, but to dwell in celestial beauty, in the paradise of God. Let one thought alone shed joy around the departing soul, where the cool air from fountains sweetly fall, perfumed by the fragrant flowers of the spirit land, and where the tender farewell on the shore of the rude world, dies away into the invisible realms of immortality, like the fading echo from the coelian lyre. Let that thought be the hope of heaven, where, in sweet communion, the soul is awakened to the first pure influence of wisdom. Cheered by this hope, search for the boon of happiness, for its found on earth or in heaven, and will direct the erring spirit to immortal skies. To speak the last word when all other sounds of love decay, is hard to bear; but as the lonely moonlight sleeps upon the bosom of earth, so does the spirit that attend the parting word repose in the twilight scenes of heaven, moving on to the brighter light which awaits it in the higher conditions of spiritual life. The rosy gifts of health may be snatched by the hand of disease, from the cheek; but as human health fades away, the spirit is nearer its heaven, and by change is being transported to the celestial home it has longed to find. And when thou hast at last fled from the mystical shores of the

visible world, the cherubims of the celestial realms will clasp you to their bosom, in all the love that characterizes the immortals.

The angels do not carelessly strike the melancholy chords of the heart; but there is a font of tears in the soul which will flow through the channels of sympathy, to their visible home, as a manifestation of inward feelings, and we faint would often stir this spring of tears, that they may easier come forth at the call of mercy and misery. Across the calm and beautiful firmament, the quick and wondrous power of God is exquisitely displayed, beaming with the lights and shades of nature; and man seeks out its loveliest influence as in a deep and trance-like state he views the sublime and beautiful scenes given him by the hand of the divine Artist. And why doth thought love to linger round such scenes as this? Because it feels that this life is not all, but that there is, from mortal eye concealed, a triumphant life yet to be revealed by the same divine and infinite power. The caverns of ignorance echo every tone of misery and grief; but let man throw off his soul's disguise and find immortality within himself, and the dread hours of sorrow will be lightened by the intellectual beams which burst from the wisdom stars of heaven, and he finds some friend within the long hidden world of eternal progression, who stands ready to give solace and consolation to every heart-felt bereavement. The inspiring summons must come to call every spirit to the refined and exalted scenes of infinitude. Some pure redeeming angels are sent to free your fettered world from every wrong and bring back the primal glories of the human soul. And while peace and love dissolve the chain of inward bondage, wisdom shall flow in upon the spirit like the water's flowing current, washing away every opinion of long cherished infidelity. And man shall feel his spirit rise kindling within him, where the living truths of nature, the foot-prints of deity, and the God-like breathings of angels shall be perceptibly seen and felt. The glittering wreaths of selfishness shall be buried in oblivion, and the hopes of heaven shall be lighted by the serene influence; and as the plant, once blooming in beauty and freshness, falls withering when the season is passed, so shall the flowers above out-bloom them all. Every breath upwafted from the innocent flower, is a boon of truth which heaven holds dear; and as liberty becomes unfolded in human hearts, it shall be their to be refreshed by this pure influence.

The drops of human life, what are they in the boundless deep of eternity; what are they in the unbounded realms of infinitude; and what are they among the moving orbs of immensity? Nothing! They are like the waves of the little stream as they are moving on and expanding into the larger bodies of water. They move on and expand into some larger object of immensity, never losing their identity, even in heaven. As the ocean spreads o'er coral rocks and amber fields, pregnant with the silent power of God, so shall the spirits, hidden from the earth, spread their works over the soul, calling each one to his duty to himself and to Him who has framed the universe.

Do they love thee? As death seems to hang over the spirit, there is a beam of rapture in the eye—a beam of intense glory on the soul, which inspires the human heart with a spiritual thought of the attendance of angels in the home of change. By the lone and mystic grave, many prayers have been offered to the divine Father for hope and consolation, while, in the next tomb, lies the wreck of a loved form who died unwept and uncared for, and whose native beauty was buried beneath a life of misery and sorrow. For which should the tears flow—the friend who was true and good, or the stranger who was lonely and miserable? Which spirit asks most for pity and tears? Let human nature itself respond, and it will bring the sweetness of tears to fall upon the memory of the stranger spirit. You may say farewell to fond spirits; but not in vain do they go from you, for in the grave the soul does not repose; for oft when the shadows of day are closing, the same sweet voice is heard to speak from the home above. And there breathes a language, known and felt, from the home of angels, where the soft and tender spirit pours its midnight streams upon the repose of earth. The tones of human passion rise and fall, but music from the seraphs of eternity, in celestial choir, is resistent; and when a note of love breathed by angel lips, falls upon the mortal soul, it awakens the slumbers of inward slavery to the sounds of rightful liberty. Then what songs of sadness shall be yours when away from the earth? None—for your perceptions shall be improved and expanded.

As my spirit was gliding away to the spirit land, anon I heard sweet toned and musical voices which aroused me to my consciousness, and I seemed to stand before the stupendous heights of the universe, and, surrounding me, were worlds unnumbered. Their sublime beauty exceeded all language; their unmeasuredness all known mathematical computation. Infinite seemed wreathed with worlds, and the velocity of the electrical element was inconceivable, and moved through the realms of infinite space sublimely and beautifully. I saw worlds and systems of worlds rolling in the sea of immensity, and they moved harmoniously and silently around the unseen and divine Parent centre. I saw that the thoughts and understandings of the soul were sustained by the impalpable elements of the next world, where all attractions and repulsions operate throughout the vast empire of human destiny. I perceived that friends who had, by the fixed laws of God, passed on before, loved me still. And 'told not if they still love you; for, hour upon hour finds the friends of eternity shedding the influence of their instructions around you. The mother comes and bends tenderly over her child, while she never forgets her love or attraction throughout an eternal life. I found that we

were not punished in infinitude for finite transgression; but if one violate the laws of gravitation, locomotion and other elements of our being, we must suffer the natural consequences of the transgression. The mechanism of the soul is constructed upon universal laws of harmony or order, upon the musical principle, whose constitutional tendency is to progress towards harmony and order.

These are innate affinities which draw soul to soul; one attraction prays for another; and this proportional attraction expands to a universal love, and the soul is moved and made perfect by the great Magnet of supreme goodness. There is a chain of attraction extending from the minutest atom to Deity; and the yearnings and feelings of the human heart, will be responded to by a spirit drawn inwardly towards that heart. God is sufficiently minute and immediate in his presence to impart life and beauty to every thing through the innumerable ramifications of infinite creation. God is the concentrated magnet, and man's pathway is onward and upward to the supreme Attraction. Thus, as man lives and passes away, he lives again where the demands of the soul are satisfied by the understandings and comprehensions, living and moving in the deep recesses of the soul. There the soul lives; and if it loves, it loves where it is attracted to love. Love or attraction is a spontaneous attribute of the divine constitution, and is formed in links of friendship, extending from mind to matter, from matter to creation, and from creation to the regions of immensity.

Yes, they love thee still. The bright seraphim who wear their bright robes in the zephyrs of eternity, come to love and instruct, that every pang of sorrow might forever flee from the rudimental world. Then love expands into universal affection; and the present developments of externality will change to spiritual wisdom, where infinite manifestations of the philosophical connection between the spheres of the soul, will be tangibly produced. Then cease those falling tears. Look to heaven for true and perfect love; for, as time wears away, truth is unfolded, and thou shalt, on earth or in eternity, ever find the principles of sympathy gleaming forth from the living springs of celestial life, and revealing the magnificence of the soul's mechanism and its retained capacities of attraction.

E. C. DAYTON.

If a good act benefits no one else, it benefits the doer.

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The Age of Progress.

From Bancroft's Miscellaneous.
Bancroft on Slavery.

ROMAN SLAVERY IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.
When Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, on his way to Spain to serve in the army before Numantia, travelled through Italy, he was led to observe the impoverishment of the great body of citizens in the rural districts. Instead of little farms studding the country with their pleasant aspect, and nursing an independent race, he beheld nearly all the lands of Italy engrossed by large proprietors; and the plough was in the hands of the slave. In the early periods of the state, Cincinnatus, at work in his field, was the model of patriotism; agriculture and war had been the labor and office of freemen, but of these the greater number had now been excluded from employment by the increase of slavery, and its tendencies to confer the exclusive possession of the soil on the few.

The palaces of the wealthy towered in the landscape in solitary grandeur; the plebeians hid themselves in miserable hovels. Deprived of the dignity of freeholders, they could not even hope for occupation; for the opulent landholder preferred rather to make use of his slaves whom he could not but maintain, and who constituted his family. Excepting the small number of the immeasurably rich, and a feeble but constantly decreasing class of independent husbandmen, poverty was extreme. The King Syrus had revered the edicts of Roman emperors as though they had been the commands of Heaven; the rulers of Egypt and excited the Romans above the immortal gods; and from the fertile fields of Western Africa, Masinissa had sent word that he was but a Roman overseer. Yet a great majority of the Roman citizens, now that they had become conquerors of the world, were poorer than their forefathers, who had extended their ambition only to the plains around Rome.

INFLUENCE OF SLAVERY ON FREE LABOR.
Philanthropy, when it contemplates a slaveholding country, may have its first sympathies excited for the slaves; but it is a narrow benevolence which stops there. The needy freeman is in a worse condition. The slave has his task and also his home and his bread. He is a member of a wealthy family. The indigent freeman has neither labor, nor house, nor food; and divided by a broad gulf from the upper class, he has neither hope nor ambition. He is so abject that even the slave despises him. For the interests of the slaveholder is diametrically opposite to that of the free laborer. The slaveholder is the competitor of the free laborer, and by the lease of slaves takes the bread from his mouth. The wealthiest man in Rome was the competitor of the poorest free carpenter. The patricians took away the business of the sandal maker. The existence of slavery made the opulent owners of bounden the rivals of the poor—greedy after the profits of their labor, and monopolizing those profits through their slaves.

INFLUENCE OF SLAVERY ON DOMESTIC LIFE.
The great servile insurrection was designed to effect the emancipation of slaves; and both were unsuccessful. But God is just, and His laws are invincible. The social evil next made its effects apparent on the patricians, and began with silent but sure influence to corrupt the virtue of families, and even to destroy domestic life. Slavery tends to diminish the frequency of marriage in the class of masters. In a state where emancipation is forbidden, the slave population will perpetually gain in relative numbers. We will not stop to develop the three or four leading causes of this result—pride and the habit of luxury, the facilities for licentious gratifications, the circumscribed limits of productive industry—some of which causes operate exclusively and all of them principally on the free. The position is certain, and is universal; nowhere was it more amply exemplified than in Rome.

The rich prefer the dissoluteness of indulgence to marriage, and celibacy became so general, that the aristocracy was obliged by law to favor the institution which, in a society where all are free, constitutes the solace of labor and the ornament of life. A Roman censor, in an address to the people, stigmatized matrimony as a troublesome companionship, and recommended it only as a patriotic sacrifice of private pleasure to public duty. The depopulation of the upper class was so considerable, that the waste required to be supplied by emancipation; and repeatedly there have been periods when the majority of the Romans had once been boundmen. It was this extensive celibacy, and the consequent want of succession, that gave a peculiar character to the Roman laws relating to adoption.

INFLUENCE OF SLAVERY ON CIVIC VIRTUE.
If a mass of slaves, at any moment, on breaking their fetters, find themselves capable of establishing a liberal government; if they could at once, on being emancipated, or on emancipating themselves, appear possessed of civic virtue, slavery would be deprived of more than its horrors. But the institution, while it binds the body, corrupts the mind. The outrages which men commit when they first regain their freedom, furnish the strongest argument against the condition which can render human nature capable of such crimes. Idleness and treachery, and theft are the vices of slavery. The followers of Spartacus, when the pinnacles of the Alps were almost within their sight, turned aside to plunder; and the Roman army was able to gain the advantage when the fugitive slave was changed from a defender of personal liberty into a plunderer.

INFLUENCE OF SLAVERY ON PUBLIC MORALS.
In like manner, the effect of slavery became visible on public morals. Among the slaves, there was no such thing as the sanctity of mar-

riage; dissoluteness was almost as general as the class. The slave was ready to assist in the corruption of his master's family. The virtues of self-denial were unknown. But the picture of Roman immorality is too gross to be exhibited. Its excess can be estimated from the extravagance of the reaction. When the Christian religion made its way through the oppressed classes of society, and gained strength by acquiring the affections of the miserable, whose woes it soothed, the abandoned manners of the cities excited the reproof of fanaticism. When domestic life had almost ceased to exist, the universal lewdness could be checked only by the exaggerated enologies of absolute chastity.

Convents and nunneries grew up at the time when more than half the world were excluded from the rites of marriage, and were condemned, by the laws of the empire, to promiscuous indulgence. Vows of virginity were the testimony which religion bore against the enormities of the age. Spotless purity could alone fitly rebuke the shamefulness of excess. As in raging diseases the most violent and unwholesome remedies need to be applied for a season, so the transports of enthusiasm sometimes appear necessary to stay the infection of a moral pestilence. Thus riot produced asceticism; and monks and monkish eloquence, and monastic vows, were the protest against the general depravity of manners.

Revised Catechism.

Somebody takes off the common arguments against Spiritualism by Bible-believers in the following satirical manner—

Q. What is the chief end and aim of man's existence?

Ans: To glorify and exalt himself, and to content and disparage all who oppose him.

Q. How should the golden rule read, as A. Do to others as they do to you.

Q. What is the general tendency of the preaching of the present time?

A. To make Deists and Infidels.

Q. How so?

A. By regarding the body as of more importance than the immortal spirit, which God gave to man, and which assumes a new form of existence at death. "God is not the God of the dead (body) but of the living (spirit)."

Q. Do preachers and their disciples generally ridicule the idea of spiritual manifestations?

A. They do, with all their faculties, both at home and abroad, in temples dedicated to the Most High, (called the very gates of heaven), causing farcical representations to be made, of departed spirits finding pleasure in the unalloyed amusement.

Q. What may reasonably be expected as the next indication of the growing spirit of infidelity as to the spiritual existence?

A. A farce called the "Crucifixion and Resurrection," in which the two angels in white will be introduced, rolling the stone away.

Q. Should Ministers and other public teachers investigate any new subject, which seriously engages or agitates the public mind?

A. They should not; for, by so doing, they may find that other people are no more likely to become the subjects of imposition than themselves; and in making this discovery, they might learn some new truth which would oblige them to change their opinions—a thing not to be thought of—especially when one has considered himself orthodox for a long time.

Q. What if some very respectable and common sense people should solemnly aver that they had communication with spiritual beings, and afforded reasonable proofs of the same?

A. Shake your head wisely, and throw out some startling hints in regard to the sanity of these persons, assuring your informant and others that if the Lord had any particular revelations to make, he would make them to yourself, and nobody else.

Q. Shall we really pretend to believe that an angel opened the prison doors, knocked off Peter's chains, and restored him to liberty?

A. By no means; that passage of scripture should be considered as a parable, and not as bona fide transaction.

Q. Shall we encourage the idea that angels ever appeared upon the earth as men, eating, drinking and speaking as men, or that spirits ever manifested themselves in any way during ancient or modern times?

A. We should do all in our power to frown down such mistaken notions. Spirits and angels are nothing but smoke and vapor, having neither form nor power.

Q. What course should Christian ministers pursue in regard to the ministrations of spirits and of the body?

A. Declare that they have never believed in such things, and therefore it is not possible.

Q. Who created the world?

A. God.

Q. What is God?

A. Spirit.

Q. If it should be asked how can that be, as spiritual teachers have thought that spirits have no power, what reply should be made?

A. That people should not pry into such things.

Q. How were human beings created?

A. In the image of God.

Q. If it should be objected that those professing to be Christians have affirmed that spirits have no forms, what answer would be appropriate?

A. That the image refers to the body; not to the spirit, which is more like ether or vapor, than anything else.

Q. But God has no body, some caviller may say?

A. Reply that it is a mystery, and that it is impious to meddle with such subjects.

Q. If forced to admit that there is some reality in the doctrine of spiritual intercourse, what should be said?

A. That it is the work of the devil?

Q. Who is the devil?

A. A bad spirit.

Q. Who made him?

A. Don't know.

Q. In what image was he made?

A. Don't know.

Q. Has he power to communicate intelligibly with mortals?

A. Yes.

Q. Have good spirit that power?

A. No.

Q. Has the devil more power than good spirits?

A. Yes.

Q. Is not that singular?

A. It may be to the wicked.

Q. What are angels?

A. God's spirits.

Q. How did they roll the great stone from the sepulchre?

A. Don't know—it is not a proper question.

Q. Had the angels, referred to, any form?

A. Mary Magdalen and Peter thought so, but they were somewhat excited at the time, which should make us rather cautious about receiving their testimony.

The Amateur's three Yesses.

A BRIEF REMINISCENCE OF PICTUR-UNTING

"Though I am not a scientific observer of the mute and motionless art," as the author of the Pleasures of Hope calls painting, yet I somehow prefer being alone at an exhibition, or with a friend who judges in my own way, to having an artist or amateur alongside of me, with the clouding technicalities or obtrusive hints, perpetually disturbing the kindly current of my thoughts. This disinclination has perhaps originated in experience of the blindness of such guides. I would by no means insinuate that a man of genius, whatever his department, could be otherwise than an agreeable and instructive companion; but I believe, at the same time, that no plain man would be troubled with anything professional from artists such as Wilde or Allan. He would probably discern acuteness and knowledge, though whether pertaining to poet, or painter, or philosopher, or all together, it would very much puzzle him to determine. This is so much a matter of course, that I state it merely to limit and illustrate my meaning. Every person who has frequented such places, will know what I mean by the common herd of talkers, who go up and down our picture-rooms in search of cars. It was my lot not very long ago to be fixed upon by one of them. From some previous knowledge of the brotherhood, I was aware of him before he had finished his first sentence, and determined to make my escape as soon as possible, and return on another day. But first let me tell what I was looking at when he assailed me. "Picture of a Castle by moonlight." Why—squeaked he out, these clouds are not in nature, and if they were, the trees below don't harmonize, though it is a pretty thing, only out of keeping, and I fear won't go off among so many first-rates. It certainly is a pretty painting, said I, and I should not readily have observed the defects you mention. The ruin, I think, is very finely broken—"There I am with you," said he, "just my perspective—my chair shows—light dipping into shade. It is finely broken—yes, you are right." At this juncture a third party joined us, and contrary to my first intention, I remained stationary. "Poor Darrel has failed at last, or I am no judge," said the newcomer. "Oh my dear Mr. Garrett," he continued, "how are you? Got the prints home safe? That's right. You beat all our amateurs at a bargain." (Here the speaker and my friend shook hands.) "Why, I have had some practice now, George," said Mr. Garrett; "and as to Darrel—I am with you there." The things absurd, rejoined George; "did ever mortal see such fore-shortening, such perspective, such light and shade? A summer sun couldn't fall more on the trees, and no moon ever saw such shadows. It is a very ugly daub." "There I am with you," said Mr. Garrett, "just my idea. It is a very ugly daub—yes, you are right. The perspective is ridiculous—the lights horrid. I knew we would agree." Hereupon they parted, and Mr. Garrett whispered me, that the newcomer was a young gentleman of most approved taste and discernment, that he had several written commendations from first-rate teachers, and that his house was resorted to by every person of any pretensions to connoisseurship about town. Then he talked in praise of his recherche dinner;—and thus the whole secret came out; for, of course, he would never think of losing such excellent society by adhering to so small an affair as consistency or truth;—opinion, I dare say, he had none. We resumed;—or rather he resumed, the criticism; when one of his inextricable periods was cut short by the approach of two portly figures, an old gentleman and his lady. "Ah, Garrett," she cried, "I was sure I would find you at Darrel's moon-piece. Isn't it a splendid thing, don't you think, you that know how such things should be?" Mr. Garrett looked acquiescent, and held up both his hands. "I knew it would be so, and told the Doctor as much when we set out." (The husband nodded.) "It unquestionably beats the whole room." "There I am with you, madam," said Garrett; "that is just my idea. It does unquestionably beat the whole room. Yes, you are right." Mr. Garrett was now invited to dine with the worthy couple; and I was left to meditate on what I had heard.

WHAT IS A COQUETTE?—A young lady of more beauty than sense; more accomplishments than learning; more charms of person than grace of mind; more admirers than friends; more follies than wise men for attendants.—Longfellow.

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